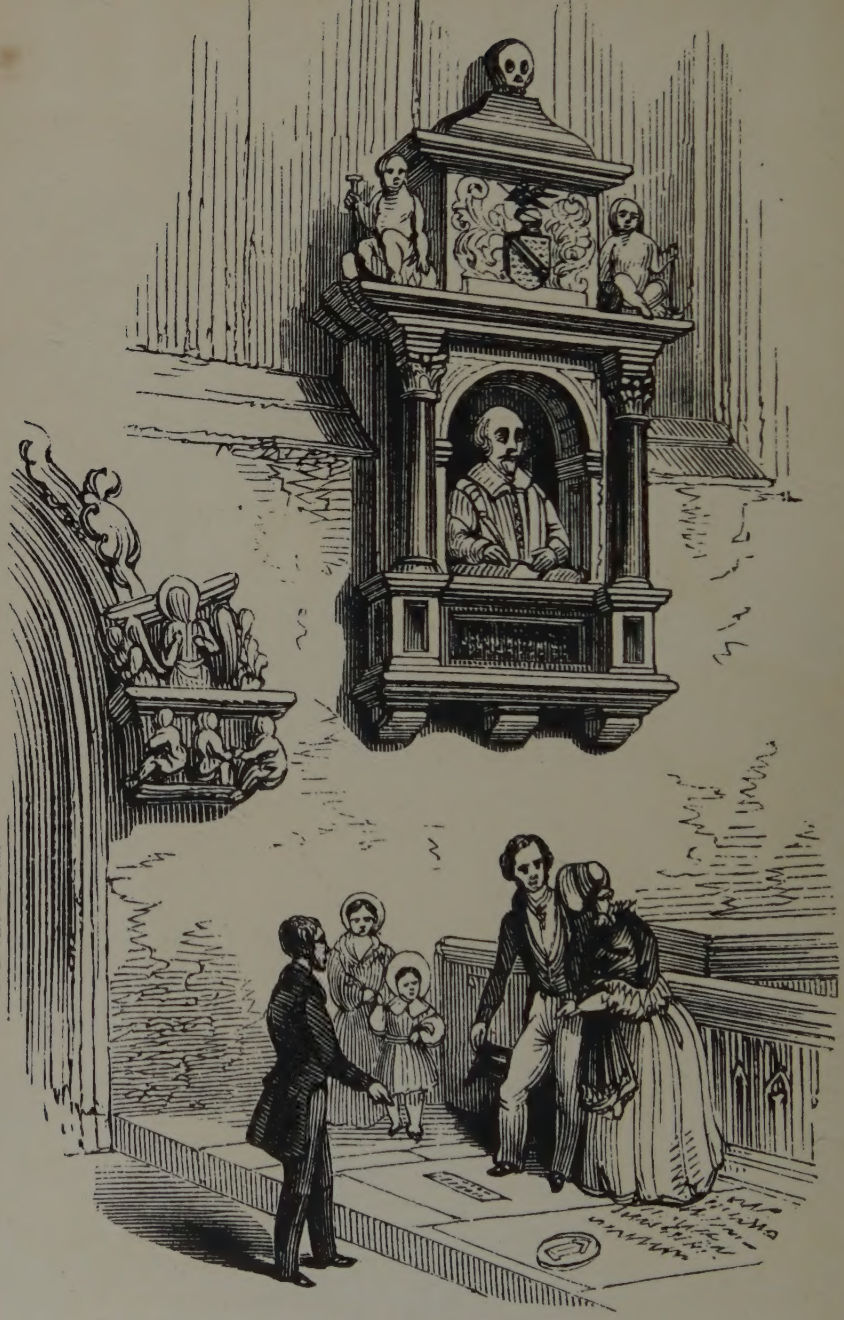
Falstaff

& his friends

by Wm. Shakespeare



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Falstaff and his Companions

I.

PRINCE HENRY AND FRANCIS.

FRANCIS. — Anon, anon, sir. — Look down into the Pomegarnet, Ralph.

P. HENRY. — Come hither, Francis.

FRAN. — My Lord.

P. HENRY. — How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

FRAN. — Forsooth, five years, and as much as to —

POINTZ [*within*]. — Francis!

FRAN. — Anon, anon, sir.

P. HENRY. — Five years! by 'r Lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture, and to show it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

FRAN. — O Lord! sir, I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart —

POINTZ [*within*]. — Francis!

FRAN. — Anon, anon, sir.

K. Henry IV., Part I. Act II. Sc. 4.

I.

Prince Henry and Francis.

II.

FALSTAFF AND PAGE.

FALSTAFF. — Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me: the brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me: I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee like a sow that hath o'erwhelm'd all her litter but one: if the Prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then I have no judgment. Thou whoreson mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap than to wait at my heels. I was never mann'd with an agate till now: but I will set you neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a jewel, — the juvenal, the Prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledg'd. He may keep his own grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can assure him. — What said Master Dumbleton about the satin for my short cloak and my slops?

K. Henry IV., Part II. Act I. Sc. 2.

II.

Falstaff and Page.

III.

BARDOLPH.

FALSTAFF. — Thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the poop, — but 'tis in the nose of thee: thou art the Knight of the Burning Lamp. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern: but the sack that thou hast drunk me would have bought me lights as good cheap, at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintain'd that salamander of yours with fire any time this two and thirty years: God reward me for it!

K. Henry IV., Part I. Act III. Sc. 3.

III.

Bardolph.

IV.

SHALLOW AND SILENCE.

SHALLOW. — Jesu! Jesu! the mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of mine old acquaintance are dead!

SILENCE. — We shall all follow, cousin.

SHAL. — Certain, 'tis certain; very sure, very sure; death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all; all shall die. — How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford Fair?

SIL. — Truly, cousin, I was not there.

SHAL. — Death is certain. — Is old Double of your town living yet?

SIL. — Dead, sir.

SHAL. — Jesu! Jesu! Dead! — he drew a good bow; and dead! — he shot a fine shoot: John of Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead! — How a score of ewes now?

SIL. — Thereafter as they be; a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

SHAL. — And is old Double dead!

K. Henry IV., Part II. Act III. Sc. 2.

IV.

Shallow and Silence.

V.

POINTZ AND DOLL TEARSHEET.

POINTZ. — By this light, I am well spoken on; I can hear it with mine own ears: the worst that they can say of me is, that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands; and those two things, I confess, I cannot help.

K. Henry IV., Part II. Act II. Sc. 2.

DOLL. — Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself!

K. Henry IV., Part II. Act II. Sc. 4.

DOLL. — Ah, rogue! i' faith, I love thee. Thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the Nine Worthies. Ah, villain!

K. Henry IV., Part II. Act II. Sc. 4.

V.

Pointz and Doll Tearsheet.

VI.

GADSHILL AND PETO.

GADSHILL. — What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I 'll make a fat pair of gallows; for, if I hang, old Sir John hangs with me, and thou know'st he 's no starveling. Tut! there are other Trojans that thou dream'st not of, the which, for sport sake, are content to do the profession some grace, that would, if matters should be look'd into, for their own credit sake, make all whole.

K. Henry IV., Part I. Act II. Sc. 1.

PETO. — How many be there of them?

GADSHILL. — Some eight or ten.

K. Henry IV., Part I. Act II. Sc. 2.

VI.

Gadshill and Peto.

VII.

SNARE AND FANG.

FANG. — Sirrah, where 's Snare?

SNARE. — Here, here.

FANG. — Snare, we must arrest Sir John Falstaff.

SNARE. — It may chance cost some of us our lives; for he will stab.

FANG. — If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.

K. Henry IV., Part II. Act II. Sc. 1.

VII.

Snare and Fang.

VIII.

HOSTESS QUICKLY AND PISTOL.

MRS. QUICKLY. — Pr'ythee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

PISTOL. — No; for my manly heart doth yearn.

Come, let's away. — My love,
Look to my chattels and my movables:
Let senses rule; the word is, "Pitch and pay;"
Trust none;
For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,
And Hold-fast is the only dog, my duck.
Let housewifery appear; keep close, I thee command.

MRS. QUICKLY. — Farewell; adieu.

K. Henry V., Act II. Sc. 3.

VIII.

Hostess Quickly and Pistol.

IX.

MISTRESS FORD AND MISTRESS PAGE.

MRS. FORD. — What 's the matter? how now!

MRS. PAGE. — O Mistress Ford! what have you done? You 're sham'd, you 're overthrown, you 're undone for ever.

MRS. FORD. — What 's the matter, good Mistress Page?

MRS. PAGE. — O well-a-day, Mrs. Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

MRS. FORD. — What cause of suspicion?

MRS. PAGE. — What cause of suspicion? — Out upon you! how am I mistook in you!

MRS. FORD. — Why, alas! what 's the matter?

Merry Wives of Windsor, Act III. Sc. 3.

IX.

Mistress Ford and Mistress Page.

X.

NYM.

NYM. — I say little; but when time shall serve, there shall be smites; — but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight; but I will wink, and hold out mine iron. It is a simple one: but what though? it will toast cheese; and it will endure cold as another man's sword will; and there 's an end.

K. Henry V., Act II. Sc. 1.

X.

XI.

MR. FORD AND MR. PAGE.

PAGE. — How now, Master Ford?

FORD. — You heard what this knave told me, did you not?

PAGE. — Yes; and you heard what the other told me.

FORD. — Do you think there is truth in them?

PAGE. — Hang 'em, slaves; I do not think the knight would offer it. But these that accuse him, in his intent towards our wives, are a yoke of his discarded men; very rogues, now they be out of service.

FORD. — Were they his men?

PAGE. — Marry, were they.

FORD. — I like it never the better for that.

Merry Wives of Windsor, Act II. Sc. 1.

XI.

Mr. Ford and Mr. Page.

XII.

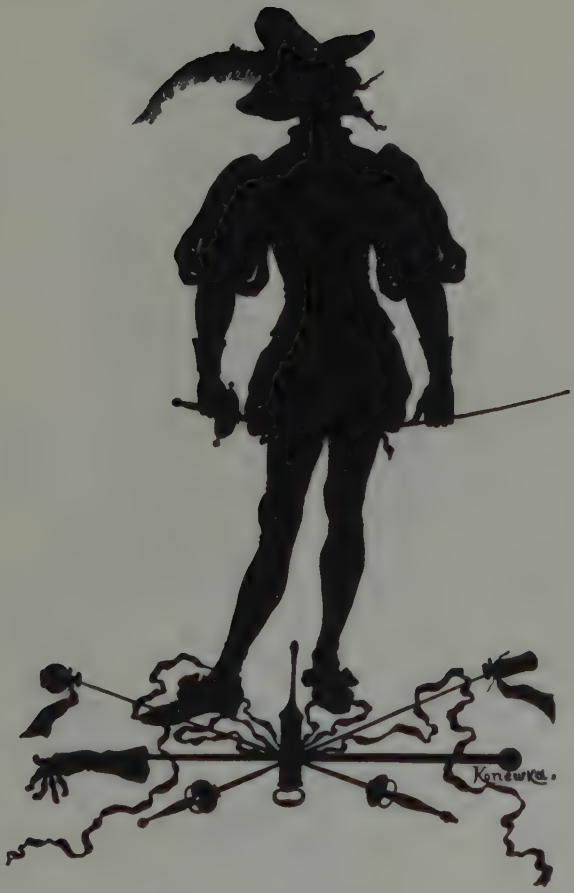
DR. CAIUS.

"I HAVE heard, the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier."

Merry Wives of Windsor, Act II. Sc. 1.

CAIUS. — By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come: he has pray his Pible vell, dat he is no come. By gar, he is dead already, if he be come. By gar, de herring is no dead, so as I vill kill him.

Merry Wives of Windsor, Act II. Sc. 3.



XII.

Dr. Caius.

XIII.

MISTRESS PAGE AND ROBIN.

MRS. PAGE. — Nay, keep your way, little gallant: you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader. Whether had you rather, lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

ROBIN. — I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

MRS. PAGE. — O! you are a flattering boy: now, I see, you 'll be a courtier.

Merry Wives of Windsor, Act III. Sc. 2.

XIII.

Mistress Page and Robin.

XIV.

FALSTAFF AND MRS. FORD.

FALSTAFF. — "*Have I caught*" thee, "*my heavenly jewel?*" Why, now let me die, for I have liv'd long enough: this is the period of my ambition. O this blessed hour!

MRS. FORD. — O, sweet Sir John!

FALSTAFF. — Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, Mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I would thy husband were dead, I'll speak it before the best lord, I would make thee my lady.

MRS. FORD. — I your lady, Sir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady.

FALSTAFF. — Let the Court of France show me such another. I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: thou hast the right arched beauty of the brow, that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.

MRS. FORD. — A plain kerchief, Sir John: my brows become nothing else; nor that well neither.

FALSTAFF. — By the Lord, thou art a tyrant to say so.

Merry Wives of Windsor, Act III. Sc. 3.

XIV.

Falstaff and Mistress Ford.

XV.

SIR HUGH EVANS AND PISTOL.

PISTOL. — He hears with ears.

SIR HUGH. — The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this? "He hears with ear?" Why, it is affectations.

PISTOL. — Ha, thou mountain-foreigner! — Sir John and master mine,
I combat challenge of this latten bilbo:
Word of denial in thy labras here;
Word of denial: froth and scum, thou liest!

Merry Wives of Windsor, Act I. Sc. 1.

XV.

Sir Hugh Evans and Pistol.

XVI.

ROBIN AND GREYHOUND.

"WHY, this boy will carry a letter twenty miles, as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve score."

Merry Wives of Windsor, Act III. Sc. 2.

XVI.

Robin and Greyhound.

XVII.

BARDOLPH AND HOST OF GARTER INN.

HOST. — I will entertain Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall tap: said I well, bully Hector?

FALSTAFF. — Do so, good mine Host.

HOST. — I have spoke; let him follow. — Let me see thee froth, and lime. I am at a word; follow.

BARDOLPH. — It is a life that I have desir'd; I will thrive. [*Exit Bard.*]

PISTOL. — O base Hungarian wight! wilt thou the spigot wield?

NYM. — He was gotten in drink: is not the humor conceited?

FALSTAFF. — I am glad I am so acquit of this tinder-box.

Merry Wives of Windsor, Act I. Sc. 3.

XVII.

Bardolph and Host of Garter Inn.

XVIII.

MASTER SLENDER AND ANNE PAGE.

ANNE. — Now, Master Slender.

SLENDER. — Now, good Mistress Anne.

ANNE. — What is your will?

SLENDER. — My will? od's heartlings! that s a pretty jest, indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank Heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give Heaven praise.

ANNE. — I mean, Master Slender, what would you with me?

SLENDER. — Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you. Your father, and my uncle, have made motions: if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole! They can tell you how things go, better than I can.

Merry Wives of Windsor, Act III. Sc. 4.

XVIII.

Master Slender and Anne Page.

XIX.

FENTON AND MISTRESS QUICKLY.

FENTON. — What news? how does pretty Mistress Anne?

QUICKLY. — In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way; I praise Heaven for it.

FENTON. — Shall I do any good, think'st thou? Shall I not lose my suit?

QUICKLY. — Troth, sir, all is in His hands above: but notwithstanding, Master Fenton, I 'll be sworn on a book, she loves you. — Have not your worship a wart above your eye?

FENTON. — Yes, marry, have I; what of that?

QUICKLY. — Well, thereby hangs a tale. — Good faith, it is such another Nan; — but, I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread: — we had an hour's talk of that wart. — I shall never laugh but in that maid's company; — but, indeed, she is given too much to allicholly and musing. But for you — well, go to.

Merry Wives of Windsor, Act I. Sc. 4.

XIX.

Fenton and Mistress Quickly.

XX.

FALSTAFF.

FALSTAFF. — The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on. O, powerful love! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man, in some other, a man a beast. — You were also, Jupiter, a swan, for the love of Leda: — O, omnipotent love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose! — For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, i' th' forest. Who comes here? my doe?

Merry Wives of Windsor, Act V. Sc. 5.

XX.

Falstaff.

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